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PACIFIC

COLUMBUS.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
  Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
  Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now we must pray,
  For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave adm'r'l, speak: what shall I say?"
  "Why say: 'Sail on! sail on! sail on'!"

My men grow mutinous day by day;
  My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
  Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek,
"What shall I say, brave adm'r'l, say,
  If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day;
  'Sail on! sail on! sail on! sail on'!"

They sailed and sailed as the winds might blow,
  Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, not even God would know
  Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
  For God from these dread seas is gone,
Now speak, brave adm'r'l; speak and say—"
  He said: "Sail on! sail on! sail on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
  "This mad sea shows its teeth tonight.
He curls his lips, he lies in wait,
  With lifted teeth, as if to bite.
Brave adm'r'l, say but one good word;
  What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leaped as a leaping sword:
  "Sail on! sail on! sail on! sail on!"

Then pale and worn, he kept his deck,
  And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights. And then a speck—
  A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
  It grew to be time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
  Its grandest lesson: "On, sail on!"

—Joaquin Miller.

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W. W. FERRIER.....Editor

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DR. AKED IN A SAN FRANCISCO PULPIT.

The sermon by the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Aked of New York in the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco last Sunday morning drew the hearts of a large congregation to him irresistibly. Dr. Aked is a man with a message, one of the world's great preachers. The sermons Sunday morning and Sunday evening, and the address before the Congregational Club, Monday evening, on Abraham Lincoln, left all his hearers with the thought that his coming to San Francisco to take the pastorate of this historical church would go far toward making the church one of the greatest centers for righteousness on the North American continent.

Taking as his text, Sunday morning, the words in the last verse of the third chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, "We see that they were not able to enter in because of unbelief," Dr. Aked showed in a graphic mannnr that there can be no entrance into real life, either in the material way or the spiritual way, without faith.

They who listened saw under his vivid word-picturing the ancient Hebrew people standing where only a short journey would bring them into the promised land; they are on the very border of it, and yet, are they turned back; they are not able to enter because of unbelief. Inasmuch as the poets give the deepest and truest interpretation of life, Tennyson, Whitman and Lowell were marshalled to show that faith was the dominant characteristic of the soul of Columbus, the prows of whose ships opened up a new world and made possible its glorious civilization.

Every material achievement worth while it was shown was the outcome of faith. Without faith there are lack and loss of enterprise, and initiative; there is no courage, no daring will, no personality, without which life goes down in the paralysis of the paltry.

The world well knows, said Dr. Aked, that there is no achievement in material things without faith, and conduct is therefore governed accordingly.

But when it comes to matters spiritual often there is faltering. Many a man who shapes his course in life as to material things and achievements without demonstrative evidence, falters and balks when it comes to the spiritual and regards himself as more rational than others who act on faith here also. As well in the spiritual as in the material realm, the words of the text apply, "We see that they were not able to enter in because of unbelief." Our doubts are traitors and any lack of faith bars from the full enjoyment of life.

Life here and life hereafter, it was made evident, is conditioned on faith.

DR. AKED AND THE SAN FRANCISCO FIELD.

When the readers of The Pacific first heard of the coming of the Rev. Dr. Aked of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York, to supply the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco for three Sundays, in all probability they thought that his coming thither would prove no more than a vacation trip. Generally the thought was that it would not be possible for San Francisco to get Dr. Aked away from New York. The disclosures, however, of the last few days indicate that the work here may so appeal to him that he will accept the call which it is safe to predict will be extended him.

Just before he left for San Francisco, Dr. Aked made statements to representatives of newspapers in the East and England which it seems were not to be made public until Tuesday of this week, if indeed at all.

The following message to a representative of the London News, sent by him from San Francisco Monday night, evidently released them:

"The crowds, the enthusiasm and the spirit of the people are very exciting, and I find the prospects singularly attractive."

Speaking to newspaper representatives, before leaving New York, concerning the Fifth Avenue field, Dr. Aked said:

"The great project we had in hand has completely broken down. We had in mind something that would have given us one of the biggest churches in American Protestantism, perhaps in the Protestantism of the world. It was not until last Saturday that we realized the impossibility of this, and now we are just where we were and that is nowhere; and so far as I can see there is no outlet, and I fear very little hope. It had been arranged to build a new church on the present site, but that was against my judgment. In the end I yielded my judgment to theirs, or, rather, to speak more correctly, I agreed to act on their judgment, my own remained. That has been one of the of the weaknesses of my ministry here. I have felt that they knew and I did not know and I had to yield to their experience and knowledge

"There has been much talk of my being asked to go back to England, but I have not been asked to go back. But I must candidly confess that my heart is in English movements and English religious papers appeal more than do American movements and American religious papers. English movements I understand, American movements I do not understand. In England I felt strong enough to dogmatize about this or that ; I might be wrong, probably I often was, but at the same time I had convictions and even if I was wrong, I could give reason for the faith that was in me and go ahead bravely and hopefully."

When asked whether he had received a call from San Francisco, Dr. Aked replied that he had not received a call, adding in that connection:

"It would be no earthly use giving me a call to any church I have never seen and about which I know nothing. I am to preach three times at the First Congregational Church in San Francisco, but I do not know what the position is, and until I get there I cannot say.

"I have made many friendships here which are infin-

itely precious to me. It is a question for me whether I can bring myself to accept the limitations of my present position for the sake of these friendships that are so dear and for the sake of the little good I can do in New York, or whether I shall have to break with these associations for the sake of some larger work elsewhere.

The question of salary does not weigh with me. It is perfectly true that the church has just raised my salary to $12,000 from $10,000, but I would rather have a third or a quarter of that salary as I used to have, and feel I was doing some good in the world, than to have a big salary and feel that I am, compared with my English life, wasting my time.

"The trustees have understood from the first that I could not contemplate a permanent ministry under present conditions. Now I do not see how present conditions are to be remedied and I have to sit down and consider whether I can accept present conditions for the remainder of my natural life, or whether I shall listen to proposals from some other city or some other country."

Here then is San Francisco's opportunity! If a field sufficient to command Dr. Aked's ambition for service can be shown, he can be transplanted, and his coming means the moving up of the Old First Church to a higher place of service than it has ever before occupied. Will it be made evident that it has come to the kingdom for such a time as this? San Francisco needs down among her great business houses and hotels and apartment and lodging houses a Voice like Dr. Aked—priest and prophet and man of public spirit and affairs, one who can speak to the elements of our cosmopolitan life in such a manner as to cause all to say as Richard Watson Gilder has made one to say in "The Song of a Heathen,"

"If Jesus Christ is a man,—
And only a man—I say
That of all mankind I cleave to him,
And to him will I cleave alway.

If Jesus Christ is a God,—
And the only God, I swear
I will follow him through heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea and the air!"

Dr. Aked would feel at home at once with Congregationalists if he should come to the pastorate of the First Church of San Francisco. Indeed, there are reasons for believing that he would in this country prefer Congregational affiliation to Baptist—the close communion ideas of American Baptists not suiting him so well as the freer ways of the English Baptists.

"BEATRICE—THE INSIGHT OF LOVE."

It is a little book of only thirty-six pages, by the Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon of the Old South Church, Boston; but it will be found a great mine of inspiration to every mind able to uncover it.

It is sent forth on its mission, in attractive form, by the Pilgrim Press, Boston, for fifty cents net.

Dr. Gordon shows it is because love is arrested at certain stages of its journey that there is so much of woe and tragedy in life. Referring to Beatrice and her influence in life and in death on Dante, he says: "At nine and at eighteen years of age were two epochs in this wonderful boy's life in the presence of this incarnate loveliness. Then came her death, his grief, and her transfiguration. By this I mean that her mind took the place of her body and he saw through it the mind of God; her spirit rose up beyond her mind and he saw through that the spirit of God. Thus the mysterious human Beatrice mediates for Dante the eternal loveliness at the heart of the universe; there he stood introduced by this woman to the triple world of revelation—to God in the body, in the mind, and in the soul of man."

Dr. Gordon's aim is to show that love in its true nature is an ascension. "When it has its way it ascends from the body to the mind, from the mind to the soul, from the human to the divine; it does not rest till it rests in the vision of God."

In all these stages of love God is revealing himself. God wants and the world craves a complete expression and yet he gains utterance often only in the bloom of youth and is denied expression in the bloom of the mind and in the beauty of the soul. Too often it is only the lower, the more superficial, the evanescent that draws and holds.

All this is beautifully illustrated by use of "Bonny Mary of Argyle."

"I have heard the mavis singing
His love song to the morn;
I have seen the dew-drop clinging
To the rose just newly born;
But a sweeter song has cheered me,
At the evening's gentle close;
And I've seen an eye still brighter
Than the dew-drop on the rose;
'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary,
And thine artless, winning smile,
That made this world an Eden,
Bonny Mary of Argyle!"

"Here is the light of the eternal loveliness in the bloom of youth," says Dr. Gordon. But, he asks, "Is the song content with this? Does it sing of nothing finer? Would it have the pathos that lies so deep in it and the magic touch upon human hearts if that were all?" And he asks us to look again, and to listen as the song goes on:

"Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness,
And thine eye its brightness, too;
Tho' thy step may lack its fleetness,
And thy hair its sunny hue;
Still to me wilt thou be dearer
Than all the world shall own;
I have loved thee for thy beauty,
But not for that alone;
I have watched thy heart, dear Mary,
And its goodness was the wile
That has made thee mine forever,
Bonny Mary of Argyle."

To further present the glory of God as it is seen in the higher ranges of our humanity,—the bloom of the mind and the bloom of the spirit picturing the eternal loveliness—Dr. Gordon turns from the voice of the man to the woman as we hear it in "Bonny Mary of Argyle" and bids us hear in "John Anderson, My Jo" the voice of woman to man:

"John Anderson, my Jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your 'bonie' brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snow,
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my Jo!"

"John Anderson my Jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And, moine a cantie day, John,

We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my Jo!"

Oh, the divineness of it!

"I have loved thee for thy beauty,
But not for that alone!"

"Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go!"

Has the world seen God? "God is Love! And he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him."

"There is a vast background to the hearts and homes of men, to our humanity: the foreground must be seen against the background; we must understand the sources if we would understand the flowing river of our human life," says Dr. Gordon. "Back of our hearts, back of our homes, back of our humanity is God, the God who is Love, who unites in himself eternal loveliness and the eternal love of it; in whom there is the union of the beloved, exalted to infinitude and invested with ineffable fascination, and the perfect lover. This is the double aspect of the Deity: he is the eternal beauty and the eternal lover and possessor of that beauty. God, the union of the beloved and the lover, is behind our human world.

"We must believe that it is God's purpose that human beings share in his vision of loveliness and in his possession and enjoyment thereof; we must believe that he introduces his being in this double aspect, that he presents it to men in women, to women in men, in three grades of presentation: first, in the bloom of the body; second, in the bloom of the mind; third, in the bloom of the spirit. In each grade it is a presentation of the Deity as loveliness, and as the lover of loveliness, in woman to man, in man to woman; each is in turn the presentation and each is the lover of the presentation. This double aspect of God comes forth, I repeat in three grades: in the bloom of physical youth; in the glory of an upright intelligence; in the splendor of a pure spirit. Two observations must be made here. First, there is the arrest of love. The presentation of the loveliness of the Deity in the physical bloom of youth is universally potent; it is recognized everywhere among all peoples. It has been recognized since the morning of time. The flush of the loveliness of God in the flower of youth has fascinated the world. This is, however, the lowest glory of God, and we meet here one great aspect of the tragedy of our world,—the arrest of love on the threshold. How seldom in man to woman or in woman to man do we see the presentation of the intellectual beauty of God! All over the world the first beauty is potent; how limited the circle of the second, and how meagre the scope of the third! As I have said, this is one of the great aspects of the world's tragedy,—this arrest of love, this temporary defeat of the self-revealing God. He gains utterance in the bloom of youth; he is denied expression in the bloom of the mind and in the beauty of the soul! Yet the world craves the complete expression of God in life."

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, SEATTLE, TO REMAIN A DOWN-TOWN CHURCH.

Our Washington correspondent shows by an article in The Pacific this week that Plymouth Church, Seattle. in the locality in which it will build its new house of worship, will be as it has been heretofore a down-town church. The site for the new building, for which $150,000 was paid, is a good one. The $100,000 balance from from the sale of the old property is to be supplemented by an additional amount of about $75,000, to be raised by subscription, and an edifice costing, approximately $175,000 will be erected. Writing concerning the new site a member of the church says: "It will not last more than fifteen years." Our inference is that he means that it will not be desirable for church purposes beyond that period, for the reason that it will by that time be in too much of a business center.

We are of the opinion that Plymouth Church will make a mistake if it does not build now in such a place and in such a manner as to insure permanency. The new site is a good one—will prove to be a good one if a building is put up there which will be suited for the work to be carried on for the next century of two.

If Plymouth is to be a migratory church not so good a move will be possible the next time as now, and as in the past; and the time will come when no place will be found to which to move, and the result will be disbandment.

We think concerning Seattle as we expressed ourself recently concerning Oakland. There is a work for a church to do right in the business center of each of those cities, and the thought of giving way every few years to business should be abandoned and church edifices should be erected with a view to permanency.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

During the last ten years there has been expended for railroad terminals within the metropolitan zone of New York City not less than $550,000,000. The Pennsylvania road has expended $140,000,000.

The City of New York is a great real-estate owner. Its holdings equal about one-sixth of the total area of the entire city, and an approximation of the value results in a figure of about $2,000,000,000. As a tenant, the city pays for public purposes more rent for real estate than any corporation in Greater New York.

The University of Michigan has 27 of its graduates in the United States Congress, among them being Representative Needham of California. Harvard ranks next with 16. Yale and the University of Virginia have 15 each and otners run as follows: University of Iowa, 10; University of Wisconsin and Cumberland University, 9 each; Georgetown University, 8; Columbia University and the University of Chicago 7 each; Washington and Lee University, 6; University of Pennslyvania, Vanderbilt, University of Missouri, and Cincinnati Law School, 5 each; Princeton, Amherst, Trinity, University of the South, University of Arkansas, Tulane University, Bowdoin, Albany Law School and the University of Texas, 4 each.

A lesson in practical church union is being given by the Methodist and Presbyterian denominations of the province of Alberta, Canada, in the organization of a joint committee to take charge of the home mission work of these churches, in order that this branch of their work may be accomplished more economically. The province is divided into districts in each of which a local committee composed of two ministers and laymen of each denomination will carry out the details of the plain worked out by the central committee. The Rev. Dr. Chown, general superintendent of the Methodist denomination, has been appointed permanent chairman. Dr. Chown spent a vacation in California a few years ago and occupied for a Sunday or two the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of Oakland. It was evident then that he was considerably in advance of his American Methodist brethren in the spirit of unity.

ROOSEVELT'S PACIFIC COAST TRIP.

Colonel Roosevelt starts on the 8th of March on his journey to the Pacific Coast.

On the 9th he will be in Atlanta, Georgia, and will speak at the Southern Commercial Congress on "The South's Responsibility in Statesmanship and Business Endeavor." In a recent letter to a member of the executive committee of that congress Mr. Roosevelt said:

"For long the eyes of the nation have been set steadily westward to watch its great and typical growth. From now on, I think the South will share with the West in rapidity of growth. This leadership of the South will be hastened by the completion of the Panama Canal; the East has the Atlantic, the West has the Pacific, the South even more than the East or the West, will have the Panama Canal, and will, therefore, stand at the distributing point of all the great oceans of the world. These are opportunities for literally millions of opportunity seekers in the South, provided these opportunity seekers are the right men to grasp the opportunities that will be afforded. All broad-minded men throughout the nation must heartily sympathize with the Commercial Congress in what it is doing both to develop and increase the power of the South and at the same time to arouse therein a keener national sense."

After leaving Atlanta, Roosevelt goes to Birmingham, Alabama, where he is scheduled to speak before the Child Labor Convention. He goes thence to conventions at Jackson, Miss., and at San Antonio, Texas.

At Albuquerque, New Mexico, he will on the 15th of March meet a delegation of "Rough Riders."

The other stop before he reaches California will be at Phoenix, Arizona, from which city he will motor seventy-five miles across the country to the opening of the great Roosevelt dam, which will bring several million acres of land under irrigation.

On the 21st of March he is to be in Los Angeles and Pasadena. His lecture in Pasadena will be before the Throop Polytechnic Institute.

Arriving in San Francisco on the 22d he is scheduled during the next few days for the Charter Day address at the University of California and the Earle lectures, Pacific Theological Seminary.

The Earle lectures will be five in number and will, if the weather is favorable, be given in the Greek Theater. One of the lectures will be on Sunday afternoon and will be on "The Bible in the Life of the People."

From California Mr. Roosevelt will go to Oregon and Washington and will, it is said, speak in several of the cities of the Pacific Northwest, but as to dates, etc., we are without information at this writing.

On the 3d of April he is to speak in Reno, Nevada. An old New York friend, who sent him an urgent invitation to Reno, told him that the people of Reno had subscribed $11,000 for a Y. M. C. A. building and that the most active worker in securing it was Mr. P. L. Flanigan, a Roman Catholic, and a member of the National Republican Committee. Roosevelt replied:

"I was mighty glad to get your letter. I shall come to Reno. I expect to arrive from San Francisco Monday, April 3, at 9:55 a. m., and to leave at 12:55 midnight for Portland. I just threw up my hands when I heard from you. Good for Senator Flanigan. Tell him how pleased I am about the part he took in erecting the Y. M. C. A. building. Interested though I am in progressive politics, I am even more interested in what I may call "progressive Christianity." That is, in having Catholic and Protestant join in standing on a square ethical basis. We have got to be against the man who is a crook, without any regard to whether he is a Catholic or Protestant, and for the honest man, equally whether he is a Catholic or whether he is a Protestant, and we must not let the bigots on either side bring any trouble to us in America."

Mr. Roosevelt is a quickening force whereever he goes, and his visit is expected to stir the whole coast in various ways.

Pacific Theological Seminary, which took the lead in the effort to bring him hither, is to be congratulated, as are also all places and interests which will profit by the vigor and manliness of the utterances which he will make while with us. All who know of his career—and where in all the world is there any one who hasn't had him flashed in some manner athwart his intellectual horizon—will feel while he sojourns here that all that makes for righteousness is having strong re-enforcement.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CLUB.

Lincoln's Birthday Commemorated.

The meeting of the Congregational Club of San Francisco and vicinity in the St. Francis hotel last Monday evening was attended by more than two hundred persons, many of them being ladies.

The special feature of the evening was the address on Abraham Lincoln by the Rev. Dr. Aked of New York.

My Byron Mauzy, the president of the club, presided and called on President Wheeler, of the University of California, to give "welcome" to Dr. Aked.

President Wheeler looked into the not far-distant future and spoke of the time when San Francisco and New York would be known as the two great gateways of the continent. He pictured San Franciscans as in many ways a unique people—among the best in the world, ready to respond to the moral leadership of such men as the guest from New York, whom he regarded as combining all in one the qualities of the priest, the prophet and the man of public affairs.

Dr. Aked, in way of introduction, spoke of the open-handed, large-hearted welcome given to himself and Mrs. Aked in San Francisco, and speaking incidentally of the church said that his church, his ideal church, was the church of all good men and good women everywhere, and his vision took in the time when all would be gathered together in a church as large as all human need and as wide as the love of God.

Turning to consider Abraham Lincoln, he said that though a Briton might not be able to experience the deep and tender emotion which bound Lincoln to American hearts, yet having entered as Lincoln had into the life of the whole world, being all the world's hero, he could be understood and appreciated somewhat by all. As to understanding him fully—only Lincoln's God understood Lincoln.

With words that fell most impressively on the ears of his hearers, Dr. Aked then pictured Lincoln's life up to the age of 49 and showed how failure had marked it for the greater part and how commonplace up to that time all his successes had been. But he was a truly great man because in him there was the capacity for arising greatly to a great occasion. Inexplicable up to that time, no one, said Dr. Aked, could study his career and not conclude that he had been as divinely raised up and inspired and trained for his masterly achievement in freeing the slaves and saving the union as was any of the old Hebrew leaders or

prophets. Emphasis was laid on Lincoln as a man of God and on his wonderful waiting on God in the dark and trying years of the civil war.

Dr. Aked's keen and tender analysis of Lincoln led him in thought up to America's manifest destiny, which, he thinks, is to evolve a nobler type of man and woman than the old world has ever known or can know without some considerable change in institutions.

It is not surprising that at the close of his address all were ready to arise and give three cheers for Dr. Aked and to unite fervently in singing "America."

"THE OLD MAN IN THE MINISTRY."

W. N. Burr.

It is all right to speak of a father in Israel as "the old man" if it is the adjective rather than the noun that receives the emphasis. One's reverence is likely to be questioned if he does not speak with care. At the same time, there is good, strong emphasis to be placed upon the great word "man" as applied to the man of age and experience. Young men in their strength are not necessarily monopolists of manliness. The old man has been a man longer than has the strong young man, and has learned some things about the business that the bright, eager, manly yonng fellow does not know yet. God bless the strong young men, and help them to do their work as well and to grow old as gracefully as have some of their fathers.

It was the old man's day at the monthly meeting of Congregational ministers in Los Angeles last Monday. There were a lot of fine younger fellows there, too.—one of them presided over the meeting in a most winsome manner; but it was "the fathers" who came to the front and who brought heaven near, perhaps because they are not very far from heaven now, and possibly some of them had already caught a near-at-hand vision of realities beyond the gates.

A visitor was Dr. Rice, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, who is ninety-one years old, a very Moses, apparently, for natural force and undimmed vision. Moses was "an hundred and twenty years old when he died," and whether his hearing was good to the very last, as well as his vision, we are not told; but Dr. Rice, at ninety-one, said: "I am thankful that I can hear my minister preach his good sermons." Who would not be a minister if he could feel response to his message coming from a ripened soul, and hear a dear old veteran saying, "My minister," as Dr. Rice said it the other day!

The speaker last Monday was Rev. Edwin S. Hill, now of Redlands, who, a few years ago, completed a forty years' pastorate at Atlantic City, Iowa, and is now "without charge," basking in Southern California sunshine. He is not here to renew his youth for he has never lost it. A finer combination of youthful spirits and ripened experience and judgment one will seldom find in one individual. It is easy to discover the secret of his long pastorate at Atlantic City. Evidently he was in the ministry to stay in the ministry, he was more enamored of the work than of certain very desirable compensations, his trust was in the Lord, and he "kept sweet."

Mr. Hill was announced to speak on "The Old Man in the Ministry," but in view of a certain readiness in these days to announce through the papers "Why I Left the Ministry" Mr. Hill prefaced his paper with a playful-earnest statement of reasons why he did not leave the ministry.

"It was not the plan when the work was begun," said he. "A life-work once chosen was not to be lightly abandoned. I counted the cost when I made my choice. I went into it for better or for worse, with the purpose of holding on until death or something else should put me out"—and as he went on talking of the ups and downs of a minister's life, finding some silver lining to every cloud that may cross the minister's sky, one could not help feeling that the sure compensations are well worth all they cost, even though some others that are very desirable, though not so sure, are sometimes withheld.

Just before going to the meeting that morning I had read in the morning paper an editorial headed, 'Why Writers Are Poor," in which was the following paragraph:

"It has been foreordained by the gods that a literary production containing within its soul the seeds of immortality shall profit the author thereof not material gain in this world, but it shall, instead, make his name deathless. And is not that enough in the face of the fact that wealth is wholly ephemeral, together with everything that mere money produces? We think of Homer, old and blind, begging his way from door to door through the cities of Greece. Yet, when Homer lay dead, seven cities contended for his ashes. The centuries have passed, and the world has forgotten those seven cities. Some of them have passed entirely away. Who the captains of industry were in these cities where Homer lived, who it was that built the great buildings and conducted the vast counting-houses, the world has long since forgotten. But the world has not forgoten Homer, nor his poems, that are ringing still, deep-voiced, down the ages."

Sometimes when ministers take that view of things they are regarded as weaklings; and sometimes because they have not the courage to take that view of things ministers "go into business," finding time in the midst of business engagements to write an article or two for the papers on "Why I Left the Ministry," or, what is worse, submitting the material to some newsgatherer in an "interview," allowing him to give it out to the world in his own dramatic way. But poets and preachers of righteousness have the best of it in the long run, and are not half so likely to land in some harbor of starvation as is the man who gains a fortune plus an automobile, but who gives in exchange for them a large measure of possible soul-growth. "Poor E——!" one has just written me of a mutual friend who is bending all the energies of his life, apparently, to acquire at a stroke a fortune that thus far refuses to gush from an oil-well, "his dogged persistence is remarkable, but could it not be better used toward some loftier object? Has he not lost more than he could possibly gain now, even if he were to gain his fortune?"

There was a sense of ripeness and tenderness in the meeting last Monday that we cannot very well dispense with, and that the younger men, with all their vigor and fine executive ability, and everything else that gives them favor in th eyes of the rank and file, cannot supply. There was wit and pathos, sound judgment and playfulness, and withal a spirit of charity, and contentment, and a cordial sympathy with the enlarging life of today, that was beautiful and unmistakably Christian. The men who have largely fought their fight were all glad for the part they have been permitted to take in the building up of the kingdom, and more than once from veteran lips came the triumphant cry, "Who would not be a minister!"

I came home from that meeting to read Longfellow's "Morituri Salutamus" all over again—and to read that

great poem with the sound of the voices of saints no longer young ringing in one's ears, is an experience worth more than the sound of gushing oilwells:

* * * "Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand Aedipus, and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,
When each had numbered more than four-score years;
And Theophratus, at fourscore and ten,
Had but begun his Characters of Men.
Chaucer, at Woodstock with the nightingal ,
At sixty wrote the Canterbury Tales;
Goethe, at Weimer, toiling to the last,
Completed Faust when eighty years were past.
These are indeed exceptions; but they show
How far the gulf-stream of our youth may flow
Into the arctic regions of our lives
Where little else than life itself survives.

"As the barometer foretells the storm
While still the skies are clear, the weather warm,
So something in us as old age draws near,
Betrays the pressure of the atmosphere.
The nimble mercury, ere we are aware,
Dscends the elastic ladder of the air;
The tell-tale blood in artery and vein
Sinks from its higher levels in the brain;
Whatever poet, orator, or sage
May say of it, old age is still old age.
It is the waning, not the crescent moon,
The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon,
It is not strength, but weakness; not desire,
But its surcease; not the fierce heat of fire,
The burning and consuming element,
But that of ashes and of embers spent,
In which some living sparks we still discern,
Enough to warm, but not enough to burn

"What then? Shall we sit idly down and say
The night hath come? It is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light;
Something remains for us to do or dare;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear;
Not Aedipus Coloneus, or Greek Ode,
Or tales of pilgrims that one morning rode
Out of the gateway of the Tabard Inn,
But other something, would we but begin,
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress.
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day."

There is no dead-line in the ministry. There comes a time when a man must needs cease to look forward to a larger work, and when the work he has been doing demands the strength and possibly the somewhat different viewpoint of a younger man; but the righteous man is not likely to be forsaken, nor will his seed be forced to beg bread, if he is a man of the cordial, trustful, sensible temper of the veterans who led us up the heights at the Ministers' Meeting last Monday morning.

La Canada, California.

AN IMPRESSION OF REV. CHARLES F. AKED.

Noah C. Gause.

It was my rare good fortune to be able to so arrange my Sunday work that I heard the Rev. Charles F. Aked, D.D., of New York, who is supplying the pulpit at the First Congregational Church, San Francisco.

As one listens to an intellectually polished and dramatically delivered sermon of Dr. Aked, he is conscious of hearing a man of exceptional pulpit power.

Dr. Aked began by stating his text, without reading it, and spoke fluently for a half-hour, or more, without using a manuscript or notes. His manner is free and easy, speaking gracefully to his audience first from one side of the pulpit and then the other, rising to flights of mastered eloquence, descending again to pointed didactic speech, and, not infrequently, leaning forward upon the pulpit and talking in the most confidential tones of persuasive discourse.

His gesture, of which he has many, his body, or parts of it, being in almost constant action—is not of the studied type. His body is simply freed by nature, training or experience, or all three, to respond naturally and gracefully to the mind and the soul. Thus Dr. Aked talks with his whole personality in a manner that charms the hearer and carries conviction.

He is intellectual. But his intellectuality is not of the purely didactic type that appeals alone to the mind of the hearer. He is fervent and of the impassioned temperament in speech, but his poetical imagery and fervent passion is dominated and controlled by reason. While one is charmed by his eloquence he is not lost in his imagery. In hearing him one's emotions are stirred. But when he has finished the mind has something to carry away, to think over and feed upon.

The sermon was noticeably free of dogma, and equally full of vitalizing life, reminding one of the words of the Master: "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly." It was a gospel message of nineteen hundred years ago, finding ready application to vexing world problems in the twentieth century.

To reproduce his sermon, or that of any other, from notes is an injustice. But, since hurriedly taken notes are all I have, I will venture to chronicle some points of interest. The text was Judge 5:2—"For that the leaders took the lead in Israel, for that the people offered themselves willingly."

Israel had been held in tyranny for many years. There seemed to be no hope. There was a smoldering discontent among the people, but no open revolt. Neither was there an outstanding personality in the nation—no leader. Yet there was one voice that pealed across the land—the voice of a woman, Deborah.

How she came to have power and leadership is a mystery; it is extraordinary; it is an inexplicable miracle. But it is God's way to raise up leaders. One can't account for the leadership of Joan of Arc, who, as a mere girl, when there was social chaos and times were rotten, because a master, of men. Likewise of John Knox, the embodiment of Scotland; John Wesley, the spiritual force of the eighteenth century; and Abraham Lincoln, the incarnation of American spirit.

Take courage. The right man flashes forth like lightning from the sky. God is going to raise up the right leaders for our American cities. There is need of right leadership. We have an insanity for bigness—big build-

ings, big cities, big navies, big territories and big fortunes. But the greatness of a nation turns upon its pure men and brave women. Note the place of those adjectives. Please do not change them. We are looking for the man who can turn our minds from bigness to greatness. There is a difference.

The hopeful and redeeming feature of democracy is the ability to be led. To be led, you say, by the yellow journal, the saloon, the political boss and the house of infamy? No! the people are capable of being led right. "All we like sheep have gone astray." But not like wolves in winter hungering for food, or the ferocious tiger that has tasted blood. We are capable of being led and a people who is able to be led right. "For that the people offered themselves willingly."

But where are the leaders to come from? From the churches. I care not what church, whether Baptist or Congregationalist, Presbyterian or Methodist, Jew, Catholic, or Protestant, but from the Church of the living God. We need leaders who are born of Jesus Christ, who are redeemed by his magic power. Take as your leader Him who was crucified on the cross and rose again that ye might have life. In Him we have a leader, who rules in human hearts, and he shall rule till the nations of this world become the Kingdom of God.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CONGREGATIONAL HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Congregational Home Missionary Society will be held in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco June 7-9.

In this meeting in San Francisco other national societies will participate—the American Missionary Associaton, the Church Building Society, the Sunday-school and Publishing Society, the Educational Society, and the Board of Ministerial Relief.

The National Council of Congregational Churches will be represented by its moderator, the Rev. Dr. Boynton of Brooklyn, New York.

Among the Home Missionary Society officials who will be in attendance are: President S. H. Woodrow, Secretaries Herring and Swartz; Secretary Miriam L. Woodberry of the woman's department, the treasurer, Mr. Willis E. Lougee, and members of the board of directors.

The Congregational Brotherhood will be represented by its president Alfred Coit, and by Secretaries Dyer and Atkinson, and members of board of directors.

Among the addresses being arranged for is one on "New England at Home," and one on "New England Transplanted," the one by a resident of the Atlantic Coast, the other by a resident of the Pacific Coast, formerly a New Englander.

It is expected that the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon of Topeka, Kansas, will be on the program and along with Secretary Atkinson of the Brotherhood will speak concerning the social vision and task of Congregatinalism.

Dr. Boynton, the moderator of the National Council, will be among those giving addresses.

It is the intention to make this visit of the Society to the Pacific Coast an occasion of as wide a fellowship as possible, and parties will reach Southern California the last of May and will give addresses at various places.

It is expected Moderator Boynton, Secretaries Herring, Dyer, Atkinson, Emrich, and President Woodrow will reach Los Angeles by the 27th of May and will spend the time up to June 5th among the churches of our Southland.

After the meeting in San Francisco many will go to Oregon and Washington, and after attendance at the Pacific Coast Congregational Congress in Portland will spend several days among the churches of Washington.

INTERNATIONAL FEDERATED EVANGELISM.

Rev. H. W. Lathe,
Pastor First Congregational Church, Prescott, Arizona.

Evange'ist Tilman Hobson caught a vision of the need for a world-wide evangelistic movement and organized the International Evangelistic Federation.

It is a glorious vision destined, we believe, to be realized. One of the most hopeful signs in the religious world of today is this movement toward evangelistic effort, interdenominational and international.

The church can never afford to dispense with the evangelist. While every preacher should, in a measure, proclaim the gospel of Christ in its regenerating power and should summon sinners to repentance and faith; there are men of special gifts in winning souls, men with the wooing spirit and the evangelistic note, who may come to the aid of pastors and by their appeals win many to Christ.

The Church owes an immense debt to revivalists; they often bring with them the power of the Holy Spirit where there has been indifference and worldliness. They preach the gospel of redemption, are strong in the line of biblical truth, and make direct appeals, personal and compelling to the people. They quicken and strengthen the spiritual life of the church, and often inspire the minister to more faithful preaching and labor. They persuade many hesitating souls to make the great decision, and their converts are as stable on the whole as those of the regular ministry.

We welcome concerted and united evangelistic movements, especially at the present time when our unbelieving, pleasure-loving, materialistic age needs, most of all the faithful and fearless proclamation of God's offer of free grace to dying men—the old gospel in its simplicity, its severity, its imperative, "Repent, and its yearning, "Come."

Federated evangelism is full of promise. That it is feasible is proved by experience. It falls in with the temper of the times which favors combination and co-operation. It is eminently Christian in the spirit of unity which it expresses and fosters. The power of massed effort in evangelistic work is marked. Lord Collingwood, of the English Navy, used to teach his gunners that if they could deliver three broadsides in five minutes, no enemy could stand before them.

For spiritual impressions, a score of federated churches, moving in mass against the entrenchments of sin, are far more effective than as many churches fighting singly. Increased zeal and fervor come to Christians in associated labor as they mingle their prayers and strive for a common end. Hence comes the intensity of desire for the salvation of the lost, the passion for souls without which there is no outpouring of blessing.

The timeliness of the Holy Spirit's goings is manifest in the fact that He prompts the churches to this federation in evangelistic work at the very time when He is inspiring them to the great Laymen's Missionary Movement. The two enterprises are kindred, in fact they mingle and interpenetrate each other for they have a common source in the mind of the Spirit. The vision of the whole Church of Christ throughout the world banded together in missionary and evangelistic purpose to proc'aim the gospel to every creature may well thrill our souls with joy and hope. It is the very vision which Christ saw. God grant that it may be speedily realized.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The First Congregational Church of San Jose has voted its pastor, the Rev. Dr. W. T. Patchell, a vacation of four months; and friends there have, by gifts, in token of the appreciation and tenderness in which he is held, made it possible for him to spend the time largely abroad. Soon after Easter Dr. Patchell will take departure for England; and there and on the continent, will, we trust, gain that rest and recuperation which long time devotion to his work and the sorrow of his recent bereavement necessitate. Monday of this week he spoke at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity.

We wonder whether the men readers of The Pacific think of the articles in the "Home" department as intended only for the women. We hope not. It is never so intended. There is a poem this week which could be read, doubtless, with profit by not a few men. We do not refer to the one entitled "On the Main Highway," but to another, with the caption, "Loneliness." The one first named is, however, a poem for men also.

Sunday, February 26th, has been named as a day of prayer for students. A Y. W. C. A. student secretary writes: "Can we not urge the church people of this coast to pray for the students in our colleges; for those who are not Christians that they may learn to use the power of prayer as a practical working force, and that an adequate number may answer to the call for service in Christian work, both in this country and in the lands where the need is greatest. It may be that many ministers will be glad to mention the day, to preach on the subject of prayer, or to pray for the work being done in our colleges!"

Next Monday the paper at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will be given by the Rev. F. W. Reid of Berkeley on "The Minister Without a Pulpit."

LOS ANGELES CHURCH FEDERATION CONGRESS ON CHRISTIAN UNITY.

A conference on "Christian Unity" will be held in the First Methodist church of Los Angeles on February 28th.

The aim is to consider the present status of Christendom as regards unity and also to consider and adopt such plans as will be best for the advancement of the Church Kingdom in Los Angeles, with a minimum of over-lapping and denominational friction.

Program.

"The New Testament Church".....Rev. A. C. Smither.
"The Rise of the Modern Denomination".....
.....Bishop Joseph H. Johnson.
"Prayer for the Kingdom".....
.....Rev. Charles Edward Locke, D. D.
"The World Field and Christian Unity".....
.....Bishop Wm. M. Bell..
"The Edinborough Conference and Its Message".....
.....Rev. Hugh K. Walker, D. D.
"The Home Field and Christian Unity".....
.....Rev. Wm. Horace Day, D. D.
Report of the Committee on Plans of Work.
"The Church with an Alias"..Rev. Robert J. Burdette,D D.
"That They All May Be One".....Dr. John Willis Baer.

So long as we love we serve; so long as we are loved by others I would almost say that we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

A NEW PLAN IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

In the Interest of Missions.

The bodies which we represent—the two missionary organizations of Congregational women in Southern California—have always had at heart the missionary education of the children and young people, believing that if the church is to advance in its work for the world, the coming generation must be more interested in missions than our own has been, better informed, and more generally permeated by a sense of responsibility. It has been our constant effort to contribute to this result, but we are far from content with the measure of our success. We greatly desire that the most thoughtful and earnest effort of the church should be brought to bear upon this matter, and to this end a new plan has been instituted, which we here outline.

Each of our organizations has a Superintendent of Young People's Work, and a Superintendent of Children's Work, the four officers having hithertoo worked independently of each other. Under the new idea, they are not only working together, but in conjunction with a similar officer appointed by the Conference, which joins us in this advance step. They thus form what is practically a Missionary Education Committee of the whole church. Its members are appointed with a view to permanence, and are instructed to make broad and comprehensive plans, covering a period of years. They will also aim to shape the study for young people and for children with reference to each other, as parts of one whole. This Committee is now doing its initial work, which is of two kinds—preparing the courses, and introducing them. We bespeak for them the heartiest co-operation in both lines from pastors, Sunday-school superintendents and teachers, and presidents and missionary committees of Endeavor Societies. If you have any plan or detail or theory which you believe has value, pass it on to them they will be most grateful. On the other hand, they will hope to find you hospitable to the requests and suggestions they will make to you. There is no desire to impose matter or manner of study on anyone, but to plan with and for the churches to give their coming members a vital and intelligent knowledge, in place of that which has been too often vague and fragmentary. The methods must be worked out, perhaps slowly, and the committee will welcome wisdom from all sources. We give the names of the members:

Rev. Shelton Bissell, La Jolla—Conference Rrepresentative.

Mrs. H. L. Hoyt, Saticoy—Union Superintendent for Young People.

Mrs. O. V. Rice, Upland—Branch Supt. for Young People.

Mrs. Geo. H. Clark, 1437 Winfield St., Los Angeles, Union Supt. for Children.

Mrs. Geo. S. Hinckley, Redlands—Branch Supt. for Children.

They will glady answer any questions. Some Sunday-schools have already been offered as "experiment stations," and when the plan is understood, we shall hope to find it welcomed by all.

The work of such a committee concentrates thought and effort on this vitally important matter, and its permanence insures breadth of vision and continuity of purpose. It is our belief that within a few years the results will be unmistakably apparent, and in this belief we commend the Committee to the churches.

MRS. GEORGE ROBERTSON,
Pres. of Woman's Home Missionary Union.
MRS. J. H. WILLIAMS,
Pres. Southern Branch of W. B. M. P.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, Richmond.—Ten persons were welcomed into fellowship at the February communion service, seven uniting on confession.

Oakland, Market Street.—The matter of a new location is being canvassed and well-considered and a conclusion will be arrived at ere long. The church has, after paying its indebtedness to the Church Building Society, a balance of $18,000 available for the purchase of a site and the erection of a building. In addition to this it has the furnishings of the old building, the furnace and the organ.

San Francisco, Sunset.—The church building was moved recently to a new location, on a desirable corner, and is being remodeled and added to. The old lot in the same block was sold last week for $2,000. An edifice well suited to the needs of the work will soon be ready for use. In the meantime services are conducted therein as usual. The reconstruction work is under the direction of Mr. Wilcox, the pastor, who has a diversity of gifts.

Niles.—Ground was broken this week for the new church building. It will cost about $14,000. The location is a fine one. Two thousand dollars were paid for the lots. The new edifice is much needed, the capacity of the present building being far from meeting the demands. The completion of the new building will put the Congregational church of Niles in a position to meet the religious needs of the community and will tend strongly toward keeping the place from being over-churched by many and weak organizations.

Oakland, First.—The report of the treasurer at the recent annual meeting showed that the general fund receipts for 1910 were $22,877.24; the disbursements being $19,855.03, there was a balance on hand the first of January of $3,020.31. The total disbursments for benevolences were $12,913.57. Of this amount $5,780.67 were for home missions and $4,833.11 for foreign. The membership the first of January was 1,932. The accessions during the year were 252, of which number 172 were on profession of faith. Ninety-two of those uniting on profession were men. —At a meeting last week the church voted that $500 of its surplus fund be be sent to the Rev. Dr. Sidney L. Gulick of Japan to be used for the purchase of books for himself and for the library of the Doshisha and also for the aiding of students as need may be. Dr. Gulick is the missionary supported by the First church in Japan. The $500 are in addition to the regular support of the work in Japan.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

Rev. C. F. Clark, Correspondent, 7212 Woodlawn, Avenue, Seattle.

Moxee.—Rev. Canfield Cooley has been asked to serve as pastor another year and will remain. More interest in the missionary work has been manifested. More aggressive work in the Sunday school has resulted in several confessions of Christ and admissions to the church.

Spokane, Columbia.—A Sunday school was organized January 1st, and it is expected a church will be organized later. At present the school meets in a tent. The frame and floor were built mainly by Rev. D. E. Wilson, and the tent was loaned by Dr. Greene. The average attendance is about forty.

Vera.—A church with a charter membership of thirteen and a Sunday school with an average attendance of 45, and a Ladies' Aid of 21 was recently organized by Rev. D. E. Wilson, superintendent of the Spokane City Missionary Society. The services are held in one of the rooms of the public school building fitted up by the Sunday school and Ladies' Aid Society

Priest River, Idaho.—The Young Peoples' Society is in an unusually flourishing condition, and the Sunday school growing, nine have been added by confession and seven by letter lately. The church is respected in the community, and the prospects are bright. Rev. Jas W. Skerry has been here a year and a half and reports opportunities for Congregationalism all through this region if the railroad plans mature.

Avondale.—The work here looks brighter than heretofore, there are few to take active part in the work, but these few are becoming more and more interested. The entire amount of the apportionment was raised last year, and much given in the way of charity outside of the regular missionary work. There is quite a foreign element in the community, some of whom attend the Sunday school and remain for the church services where they are very attentive and listen seriously. Rev. G. A. Voris has become an active force in the community.

Richmond.—At our annual meeting last evening, notice of revision of the constitution was made. Seven members were voted in; the board of trustees enlarged to seven in number; the pastor's salary raised $100; and good reports from all departments; the church closing the year free from debt. Rev. W. W. Scudder was present. The pastor decided not to accept the call to Brighton Beach church. Plans for converting the old hall into a parsonage were discussed, and a recommendation made to the new board of trustees to consider the proposition, and several offers of financial help were received.

Arlington and Bryant.—A recent series of special meetings added about forty to the membership of the Arlington church, among them many men who have become very much interested in the working of the church, and who promise to be more than usually helpful. The quickened interest has reached even to the prayer meeting. About three miles to the east of Arlington Rev. H. W. Johnson has started a new Sunday school. At Bryant four have united. An informal celebration of the fifth anniversary of the organization of the church was held in December. Several told what the church had meant to them; greetings from Rev. J. M. Dick, who had organized the church, were read; seven added to the joy of the occasion by confessing Christ. An addition to the building is contemplated. A general quickening throughout the neighborhood has been felt, and a stronger spiritual tone has been noticeable.

Seattle, Plymouth.—Tentative plans for the new structure were adopted at a recent business meeting, and the trustees were authorized to begin a campaign for funds to the amount of $75,000, as it is expected it will cost that much more to build the new church than the old property was sold for. There seems to be some misapprehension as to the new location, and some are criticising Plymouth for "running away from the down-town problem." Nothing

could be more inaccurate. Plymouth moves three blocks to the east; her lots run from University street, the street her present building is on, to Seneca. At the most it would be but four blocks. While Sixth avenue is not built up with large business houses it will be when the grades are finished and Seattle has grown a little more. In five or ten years it will be the very center of business. In the meanwhile a removal of three or four blocks does not take it out of the "down-town" class. Provision is to be made for just those activities that a down-town church needs. April 2nd will be the last Sunday in the old building; thenceforth till the new is ready services will be held in the Y. M. C. A. Special efforts will be made to make the last days in "Old Plymouth" the best and most memorable. Special services will be arranged for and an active campaign for members instituted. Plymouth is forty-one years old, about half of which have been lived in the present structure. The accomplishments of Plymouth's Sunday school during the past year speak well of the able and consecrated corps of teachers and officers and the able superintendency of the assistant pastor, Rev. James Elvin. Attendance and contributinos have been remarkably good and show a great increase over preceeding years.

THE PACIFIC COAST CONGRESS.

When the Congregational hosts gather at Portland, June 10th to 15th, they will be royally welcomed by the "Rose City." The opening day of the congress will be the closing day of the world famous Rose Festival and the city will be in gala attire in honor of the occasion. The first draft of the program was blocked out by the executive committee on January 30th. The specific addresses and speakers have not been decided on, but a tentative plan was formulated.

Saturday afternoon, June 10th, there will be organization, business and welcoming of delegates. A splendid inspirational service will be held in the First church Saturday evening. Local pulpits will be filled with visiting ministers Sunday morning and evening, with a monster Brotherhood rally on Sunday afternoon. Rest and recreation will be the order of the day Monday, when a steamer excursion up the scenic Columbia taking in points of historic interest is planned. A debate on the proposed changes of Congregational polity is to be arranged for Monday evening. The Home Missionary batteries will be unlimbered Tuesday, and a number of large caliber guns from the annual meeting of the H. M. S., which takes place at San Francisco just prior to the Portland meeting, will be heard. Wednesday the representatives of the Sunday School Society, American Missionary Society, and College and Education Society will arrange the details of the program. The grand finale on Thursday will be personally conducted by Dr. Tenney in the interests of the American Board, which has been assigned the morning and evening sessions, while the afternoon will be given to the Woman's Board of the Pacific. Dr. Robert A. Hume of India is expected to be the bright particular star of the American Board section of the program. The morning hour from 9 to 10 each day will be given to devotional Bible study under the leadership of some man of national or international fame as an expositor.

Portland, Feb. 8, 1911.

THE FUNERAL OF DEACON AVERILL OF LOS ANGELES.

The afternoon of February 1, the funeral services of Deacon Norman Simonds Averill was held in the First Congregational Church.

Mr. Averill was born in Bethany, N. Y., in May, 1833. Soon after the family moved to Lima, Indiana. There he was educated in the common schools and an academy in a neighboring town. When he was eighteen he made a profession of religion. In 1854 he made the acquaintance of Miss Anna S. Wells, eldest daughter of their new pastor. In 1854 he became engaged to Miss Wells, then a teacher in a young ladies' seminary in Monroe, Michigan. They were united in marriage in 1858. For reasons connected with his business as a merchant, they lived in Wisconsin and Iowa, finally coming to California in 1879. In 1897 he was elected secretary of the board of education, filling the position until the day before his death, which occurred January 28 at 11 p. m. Mrs. Averill, his son, his daughter-in-law and his grandson have received the tenderest sympathy of a large circle of friends.

At the funeral the pastor was assisted by Dr. Warren F. Day and Rev. Dana W. Bartlett. The auditorium was crowded and many were turned away. All remarked the profusion of beautiful flowers. Men formed a large part of the assembly. The board of education and teachers of the city schools were present. The Averill Club, established by Mrs. Averill, was present, and a large company from the church.

Wherever Mr. Averill had lived he was esteemed and loved for his untarnished honor and fidelity. Amid moral failures on every side he was a shining example of "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are honorable, and whatsoever things are lovely." We shall sadly miss his noble presence, valuable service and gentle words and deeds of kindness. But our sorrow is tinged with a joyful sense of victory. And we know he has received honor and glad welcome from the Master he steadily loved and served.

M. S. TAYLOR.

NOTICE.

The adjourned meeting of The California Oriental Mission, a corporation, will be held at the Central Mission House, San Francisco, on Monday, February 20th, 1911, at 1:30 p. m. It is expected that business of unusual importance will be submitted to the corporation.

WM. C. POND, Sec.

THE TERCENTENARY CELEBRATION.

The American Bible Society desires to emphasize that it is not making an appeal to the pastors to take collection for their society at the time of the Tercentenary celebration, nor do they wish to do so. They believe that such appeal would injure the freedom and sympathetic character of the celebration.

It will help them very much, and no doubt a great many collections will be taken, but the society does not wish to ask for them.

The American Bible Society being the only national Bible society, and carrying on a world-wide work, should be recognized by every church as one of its benevolent societies, but the Tencentenary celebration is something al-

together apart from the purpose of raising collections for the American Bible Society.

It is to be a fitting recognition of the immeasurable blessing which the Bible has brought to Christendom, and of its promise as a beneficent influence and power throughout the world.

A. WESLEY MELL,
Agency Secretary, Pacific Agency.

A SHAKER CHURCH AMONG PACIFIC COAST INDIANS.

The Tacoma Ledger of recent date says: The "Shaker" church, which is holding revival meetings at Tahola, on the Quinault Indian reservation, a few miles north of Gray's Harbor, has had a marked influence on the lives of the redmen of the North Pacific Coast, and for the most part it has been exerted without the aid of white people. The religion appears to be a combination of Christianity and the ancient beliefs of the Indians. Its origin is a matter of dispute. After the Indians had received instruction for a few years from the Christian missionaries it seems that they took a notion they should have a religion of their own. At any rate, the Indians assert that they originated the church. It is a curious fact that, independent of the white man's preaching, the religion spread to many tribes and that it is today a note-worthy moral force among the redmen. It makes better Indians, anyhow, and it is entitled to the respectful consideration of the world.

For many years little work has been done amon the Indians by white Christian missionaries. The redmen have been left to work out their own salvation, and they have had a good deal of success.

Naturally, contact with white people has served to teach the Indians more advanced ethical ideas, as well as evil habits. The evil of drunkenness, which was communicated by white people, is one the "Shaker" Church strives to combat. William Mason, who succeeds Tahola as chief of the Quinaults, is a stern advocate of sobriety. When the Indians went to Hoquiam on the Fourth of July there was fear that "firewater" would enter too much into the celebration. Mason conceived the idea of aiding the police department. He applied for a star, which was readily granted, and not a single case of drunkenness was recorded. The pride with which Mason paraded the streets of Hoquiam that day and impressed his people with the dignity of official power may be imagined.

It is the purpose of the "Shaker" meeting at Tohola, the reservation town named after an Indian chief, to convert 100 Indians. There will be bell-ringing, songs and spirit and "devil" dances. The "Shakers" seem to have an idea that devils can be driven away by bell-ringing and dancing. Let us hope that the revivalists will not be disappointed in their purpose to save at least one hundred Indians from the destructive hand of the devil.

The Home.

We thank thee, Lord, for thy great Fatherhood
That doth with our child-waywardness forbear,
In token of Thy love's infinity.
We thank Thee for the past with all its good,
And for the present, anchored in Thy care,
And for the future Thou alone canst see.
—Edith Hope Kinney.

A LITTLE HOMILY ON CHEERFLNESS.

I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight.

A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion; it is just like a sudden sunshine that awakens a secret delight.

A man who uses his best endeavors to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason has two perpetual sources of cheerfulness in the consideration of his own nature and that of the Being on whom he has a dependencve.

We find ourselves everywhere upheld by His goodness and surrounded by an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being whose power qualifies to make up happy by an infinity of means; whose goodness and truth engage Him to make those happy who desire it of Him; and whose unchangeableness will secure for us this happiness to all eternity.—Arranged from Addison.

LONELINESS.

So little there was need to give—
A jest, a sorrow shared,
The slightest bit of tenderness
To show her that he cared!

Yet day by day, content he took
Her love, her sympathy,
With no more comment than he gave
The leaves upon a tree.

And when, alone, he grieved because
Her gentle life was past—
He never guessed that she had gone
Heart-hungry to the last.
—Charlotte Becker in Columbian Magazine.

KEEPING YOUNG.

"How have you managed to keep so young?" Mrs. Looks-Her-Age had not seen her old school friend for years and was astonished at her youthful appearance. "I am not dealing in flattery," she hastened to add, noticing the blush her words had called up. "When we went to the old brick school house we were the same age; now I look ten or fifteen years older. You have had your share of trouble; more than your share, in fact. I expected to find you quite broken, yet here you are as serene as a summer's day! I cannot understand it. Is it massage or Christian Science?"

A serious expression darkened Mrs. Young's eyes, only for a moment, then she laughed. "It is neither. People have asked me the same question more than once since I reurned to M—, but I never thought of answering except in jest. If you really want to know—

"I certainly do," I broke in.

"I shall have to think a bit and get my ideas in order. Possibly," hesitatingly, "possibly one thing may be an unusual drill in self-control when quite young. You know Aunt Hulda was not the easiest person in the world to get along with. In some ways she was a wonderful woman, capable, just to a fraction, and good at heart, or she'd never taken me when my folks died. But set! she was perfectly intolerant in some things. She expected so much of me—an old head on young shoulders, as they say. I used

to wonder if she'd ever been a child herself, or was born grown-up. You may remember her caustic way of speaking. I had been used to nothing of the sort in my own home, and it was often difficult not to answer back. Mrs. Stone knew how things were over at Aunt Hulda's and more than once she said to me in her sweet, Quaker way, 'little ladies never show anger, thee must not,' and I honestly tried not to. I learned to look calm and peaceful when inwardly I was raving. It was an excellent drill. Years after I read that anger, uncontrolled and worry were the chisels with which we carved our winkles. When the real troubles of life came I was in a way prepared to put the same theory into practice which I had often unconsciously in my experience with Aunt Hulda's 'ways.' No unnecessary crow's feet if I could help it."

"The second point is without question trying to forget the unpleasant things. I had this lesson enforced when about to leave Dr. T.'s hospital. He gave me an illuminating thought. 'You are as well as surgery can make you, but this is a critical point. Go home and drop this nightmare from your mind as resolutely as possible. Fill your days with pleasant things, have your friends, the cheerful ones, call and don't let them talk of your operation. Read Mark Twain and Uncle Remus, buy some pretty clothes, and before you know it you will be strong enough to go out of doors and wear them. Wasn't that advice worth following? It seems as much a duty for us to forget the bad things about others.

"It has been my lot to have associated with one or two people who, no matter who was mentioned, invariably contributed some unsavory information, often petty, regarding the person under discussion, or his family. Young as I was, somehow it struck me as contemptible. In trying to live down a folly or mortification, one should have all the help possible from one's friends, and the best help I know of in such cases, is silence. I am convinced that unpleasant thoughts of ourselves or others resolutely put from the mind, leaving room to acumulate good and generous thoughts leaves a definite stamp upon the features as well as upon the character.

"I think, too, some of Aunt Hulda's ironclad opinions taught me the grace of tolerance, and one must be tolerant to grow old gracefully. One of her ideas was that pretty clothes made one vain, also that only plain clothing could be durable. With these notions you can imagine that we both looked more or less ridiculous. I vowed if ever I earned money of my very own I would buy clothes that could be pretty and durable at the same time. I consider it one's duty to be as neatly and attractively dressed as possible. There is no excuse for looking like a fright. If one has no knack of dressing becomingly there are professionals whose advice one may obtain.

"I have tried to keep 'limbered up.' Once when recovering from an illness I indulged in a few physical culture lessons. How much practical good I got from them! I first learned to do my housework with the smallest expenditure of strength; this left me the power to take the out-of-door exercise I so much needed. I learned to conserve my strength, not to waste it. This brought a new and delightful interest in what had once seemed druggery. I learned to breathe and walk correctly; honestly, I did not know how before. I have come to love walking—it is my cure for nerves, headaches and blues. Nothing would induce me to give up going down on all fours once each week to wash my kitchen floor. I know it strengthens muscles that in most kind of housework are wholly neglected. It used to be an impossibility for me to do that without paying for it the next day, but now! well, when you hear of me buying a mop, you will understand that I am really growing feeble. I am almost a vegetarian, for I have a horror of rheumatism. I shall never get it through over-indulgence in meat.

"I have found that keeping up with the times is a great preventative of old age. I try to read of what is going on in the world; in short, I apply the 'limbering' process to my mind. There is really no excuse in these days for being stupid. One must read if they wish to be an intelligent companion for their children."

I was too much impressed with what had been said to break the silence that followed, and after awhile she continued, dreamily:

"I find I must add a lastly. Who was it wrote 'to work, to play and to look up at the stars,'' was it Van Dyke or Stevenson? Anyway I am glad he put that play in. I did not get much play after I went to live with Aunt Hulda; she was one who rested herself by knitting, you know. There was always a sheet to be sewn up after the dishes were washed and put away, so I would sew over-and-over miles of it, it seemed, instead of playing out-of-doors as much as a child ought to. When I got into a home of my own I determined to have a good time right along, and I have tried to. One of my methods was to develop a hobby—it is about the only way that grown-ups can play—the indulgence of a hobby brings such an absorbing interest that it whisks one away from the work-a-day world from our troubles, even as by magic, and the gain is two-fold if it takes one out-of-doors. My present hobby is—can you guess it? Wild ferns. See, I have already started twenty varieties in that shady corner of the yard—what! didn't you know there were so many in New England; why, there are over thirty. See that bunch of ebony spleenwork, isn't it a beauty? How I love them all."
—Mrs. J. W. Wheeler in New York Observer.

ON THE MAIN HIGHWAY.

Many a man on the main highway
That you watch with envy and hail with cheers
Would very much rather, a child at play,
Be back in the path of the yester-years—
The little green path where the clover nods
And the old worm fences wind and twist,
And the sumach bends on its slender rods,
And the sea of the spring is an amethyst.

Many a man whom you see go by
On the gilded road of a wide renown
Would rather be back 'neath a soft spring sky
In the tender dream of a childhood town;
Would rather be following, barefoot still,
The little green path to the swimming hole,
And the bloomy lane to the old saw-mill,
With the lilt of the morn in his heart and soul.

Many a man whom you watch go up
The golden stairs of the hall of fame,
Draining the gilded and sparkling cup,
Would rather be out where the lilacs flame,
Would rather be down at the old home place,
Down in the path of the rose and dew,
Driving the cows with a sun-burned face,
And an April light in his eyes of blue.

The main highway is a gilded lure,
And the street of fortune and fame is fine;
But many a heart aches there, for sure,
For the little green path to the tangled vine;
For the little green pathway over the lea,
And the brook and the meadow, the hill and stream,
And the far white sails on a silver sea,
In the old sweet places of childhood dream.

IN PRAISE OF HOME LOVES.

Few things in general literature are better worth contemplation by the members of a home, especially by those two who form the center of the family group, than what certain poets have said of the woman who has made home and happiness for them. The average man of the work-a-day world is hardly able to express these things as the poet voice may do, and is fortunately far indeed from the merely emotional utterances of certain writers. But when a man of gift does find how to put words to the sweetness and beauty, the heavenward lift, the hourly mercy, as Lowell calls them, which the steadfast woman love in the home has represented to him, then all other men who realize, perhaps, but dimly, or would grope blindly for words to praise the kind companion of their years, do all read joyfully, gratefully that some one has found how to declare the lady of their homage.

Of this fond, yet sober, this tender and earnest writing, pure of all turgid passion, yet ardent and warm as the sun of june, no writing is easier for the wayfaring to read and to approve than the poetry of Coventry Patmore. His "Angel in the House," called "The Betrothal," is in praise of his married happiness. He says:

Yet now it is my chosen task
To sing her worth as maid and wife
And were such post to seek I'd ask
To live her laureate all my life.

Some of the lines of this hymeneal praise are subjoined:

The gracious Muses bless
At times my tongue until I can,
With moving emphasis express
The likeness of the perfect man.
Elated oft by such free songs
I think with utterance free to raise
The hymn for which the whole world longs—
A worthy hymn in woman's praise;
A hymn bright-noted like a bird's
Arousing these song-sleepy times,
With rhapsodies of perfect words
Ruled by returning kiss of rhymes . . .
No skill'd complexity of speech,
No heart-felt phrase of tenderest fall,
No likened excellence can reach
Her, the most excellent of all.
The best half of creation's best,
Its heart to feel, its eye to see,
The crown and complex of the rest,
Its aim and its epitome . . .
Me to these happy notes of praise,
Not only woman's graces stir;
Myself I never seem to raise
So much as when I honor her;
For while my songs so various run,
There lives before my constant mind
An image, time-endear'd, of one
Who is to me all womankind:
Honoria call her: She confers
Bright honor when she breathes my name;
Birth's blazoned patents, shown with hers,
Are falsified and put to shame;
The font of honor is her smile.
(I speak but as I feel and think)
Yet pride consumes me not the while
I thence with thirst unsated drink;
For as a queen who may not find
Her peer in all the common earth
Submits her meek and royal mind
Espousing one of subject birth,
All barter of like gain above
She raised me to her noble place,
And made my lordship of her love
The humbling gift of her free grace.

Jack—Do you believe that women always demand the last word?

Tom—Not invariably. Last night I told my girl I wasn't worthy of her and she remained silent.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white—then melts forever.
—Burns.

Our Young People

THE LAZY WINDMILL.

Once upon a time there was a big old windmill. It belonged to the farmer.

It had worked hard for many, many years, and the farmer, when speaking of it, used to call it "Old Faithful."

But one day the windmill had stopped working.

The wheel stood perfectly still. A strong wind passed by. It said to the windmill: "Come, come! Why are you not at work? Let me help you turn your wheel."

"No, no!" said the windmill, "I do not wish for your help. I shall rest all day today. I am so tired!"

"Oh, but we must always work before we rest," said the wind. "Come, I shall be glad to help you." The wind blew upon the wheel. The wheel would not turn.

"I will try again," said the wind. So it blew long and hard.

"I do not have to mind you!" said the windmill. "I tell you I am tired, and I shall rest today! Go away, old wind!"

So the wind sighed and went away.

"Oh, how fine it is to rest!" said the windmill.

"All day long it remained still.

It grew late and the tired horses came home. They had worked hard all day in the hot sun.

They were so thirsty.

When they saw the windmill, they started into a little trot, in their haste to reach the water tank.

Poor, tired horses! It was empty.

"Is the windmill broken?" asked the farmer.

"No, it is all right."

"Why hasn't it worked today?"

"The wind blew hard, too."

"I can't understand this!" he said.

The cows came for a drink.
The sheep came for a drink.
The chickens came for a drink.
The dog came for a drink.
The birds came for a drink.
There was no water.

"Oh, why didn't I work," said the windmill.

"There is no water for the horses and cows.

"There is no water for the sheep and chickens!

"There is no water for the dog and birds!

"Oh, I am so sorry I didn't work!" And the windmill began to creak and groan in sorrow.

"Oh, I wish the wind would blow! I would work so hard that the tank would soon be full!"

A gentle wind came.

It tried to turn the wheel, but it was too weak; so it called its friends.

The friends came. They all pushed and pushed! Suddenly the wheel stopped creaking and groaning, and, as it whirled merrily around, it sang this song:

"With the wind to help me,
Round and round I'll go:
Then the sparkling water
To my tank will flow."

Soon the tank was full of clear, cold, sparkling water, and, as the animals eagerly drank their fill, the wheel busily turned round and round, humming contentedly to itself.—Kathlyne J. Libby, in School Education.

GRACIE'S 'SPERIENCE HEN.

There was a perplexed little wrinkle between Gracie Dare's brows, and the child's sunny eyes were clouded as she sat on an old log in the garden trying to solve the vexed problem of Sister Maud's experience money.

"I do wish I could help sister," she said earnestly. "Tonight is the time of the 'sperience meeting, and Maud hasn't any money—or 'sperience—to give. If only Aunt Matilda's rheumatism didn't hurt her so much," she continued, "maybe she'd give Maud the money. But I suppose she couldn't give her the 'sperience; and she has to give that, too, for I heard her tell May Jones so. Yes, it must be bad," she went on, her mind going back to the rheumatism, "bad when you can't move your hands." And Gracie vigorously worked her own plump fingers up and down and then held them stiff and straight like Aunt Matilda's. And then and there she felt that Aunt Matilda might be excused for any lack of interest in Maud's experience money.

"Shoo, shoo, sh-o-o, Speckle," shouted the child suddenly, as a black and white hen, having found a hole in fence, was proceeding to invade a bed of young lettuce.

"Oh, Speck'e," she continued gleefully, her tone of dismay quickly changing to one of delight, "I'm so glad you found that hole in the fence, because it made me think about your nest. And Aunt Matilda said I could have all the eggs if I'l find it. Say, Speckle," coaxingly called the child, "please tell me where your nest is."

But Speckle had no idea of revealing her secret. She flew over the fence with a great many angry cackles at being driven away from the lettuce bed before she had had time to enjoy any of it.

Grace sat down on the log again to plan for the search, and at length she had a bright thought. "Oh, goody, goody, now I can get the money for Maud," she declared, her little face beaming with joy. "I know ever so many places to hunt. There goes Speckle now, under the currant bushes." And away she ran, fearful lest she might lose a possible clue to the missing nest.

Every currant bush was examined, underneath and all about, then the gooseberry bushes had their turn. They scratched the plump arms and left tiny horns in the soft flesh. But the brave little searcher had no time to stop for self-pity. The bushes failed, however, to reveal the nest. Never mind—there was still the barn, the haystacks, and the straw pile down in the field.

Gracie was tired and warm and thirsty, but she couldn't stop now. Old Jess, the horse, was startled as she saw the little figure darting about the barn, into and under the mangers, into every nook and corner. She looked questioningly as Gracie approached her stall. But the child had no time for explanation. She only gave Jess's nose a loving little pat and hurried on.

Next she climbed the haystacks. She searched the sides carefully and the top, but no nest. At last she slid down, rather a dejected little person, for there was only the straw pile left to hunt, and that was so far away. She was almost ready to cry. Still, the nest might be there. So down the hot, dusty lane she went to the straw pile.

It was a warm, weary, discouraged little girl that came slowly up the garden walk.

"Oh, Maud," she cried, as she caught sight of her sister, "I've hunted and hunted everywhere for Speckle's nest. I don't believe she's got any. I wanted the eggs for your 'sperience meeting." The child swallowed hard but it was no use; the big tears rolled down the flushed cheeks.

"Never mind, dear," answered her sister. "Sit down here on the porch and rest. You can give me your experience anyhow," she said as she tenderly kissed the quivering lips, "and that's worth a great deal."

Gracie sat still a few minutes. She was too tired even to cry. She laid her head down on her sunbonnet and was soon fast asleep.

When she woke she saw a little knot-hole in the porch floor near where she lay. She'd never had a chance before to look under the porch. So she got on her hands and knees and peered curiously into the hole.

Oh, could it be? Yes, there was an egg. She could see but one; it was too dark to see much. There might be more. What if it were old Speckle's nest! The child danced joyfully up and down, forgetting all the weariness and disappointment of the morning. But how could she get the eggs out? The place where Speckle got in was much too small to admit her chubby little figure. Indeed, she could just squeeze her arm in, and by a good deal of wiggling, touch the egg with her fingers. She ran to find Maud. Then they secured a pole, but they couldn't get the eggs out that way. Aunt Matilda suggested a hook on the endof the pole. That worked better, and they began to pull out the eggs. One, two, three, four, and still they came, till fourteen lay in a pile on the grass.

And Grace, jumping about joyously, shouted, "Look at your 'sperience money, Maud, look at your 'sperience money!"—Effie Quickenden in The Continent.

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